

## ALONG THE PACIFIC COAST.

### Investigation Into the Management of the Veterans' Home.

**RESULT OF A COURT-MARTIAL.**  
Proceedings in the Methodist Conference--The Confession of a Burglar.

(SPECIAL DISPATCHES TO THE RECORD-UNION.)

#### FRESNO ITEMS.

Douglas, the Shooting Tramp, Lodged in the Fresno Jail.

FRESNO, September 13th.--As the time for holding the county fair draws near, preparations for it are more active, and the indications are now that it will, by far, be the best one ever held in the county. The special program is very fine and many outside entries have been made.

Sheriff Hensley arrived to-night from Sacramento with Percy Douglas, the man who shot Anson, the brakenan, at Madras last March. Douglas and a man named Maxwell were riding on the blind baggage of a train going north and Anson attempted to push them off when Douglas drew a pistol and shot Anson through the neck. Both men escaped, but Maxwell was arrested later on, and the case dismissed on habeas corpus as there was nothing to show that he was a party to the shooting.

Douglas was arrested at Sacramento last Wednesday by police officer Rider of that city, and Sheriff Hensley was telegraphed to, as it was thought by the arresting officer that he was the man wanted for the shooting.

Hensley went to Sacramento at once and after a full examination was convinced that he had the right man.

#### ENTERTAINING PEOPLE.

The Citizens of Orange County are Up and Moving.

SANTA ANA, September 13th.--The farmers and citizens in this locality are realizing the necessity of organizing for their own resources, and are consequently organizing themselves into protective associations and alliances for the purpose of advancing general interests in their particular localities. This afternoon a mass meeting of farmers, the Horticultural Society, citizens and Board of Trade was held in Surgeon's Hall and appointed committees to formulate and take initiative steps for the organization of an Orange County Farmers' Alliance, and to consider the advisability of establishing a permanent exhibit of the products of the county in Santa Ana.

The report from the Best Sugar Committee was received enthusiastically, and James McAdams was appointed a delegate to wait on Mr. Sprickles and open direct negotiations with him for a factory in Santa Ana valley.

#### PETTY TYRANNY.

Additional Charges Preferred Against Governor Treichel.

LOS ANGELES, September 13th.--There is much excitement over the exposure of Governor Treichel about the inhuman treatment of the inmates of the Santa Monica Soldiers Home. To-day a large meeting of all the G. A. R. posts was held, and a committee appointed to go and investigate to-morrow.

Governor Treichel denies all the charges of cruelty, and expresses surprise at any dissatisfaction among the veterans.

Several veterans tried to lynch up the veterans talking, but many braved their displeasure, and said that had not been told, and they are ready to add more details of incompetence and pettiness. They declare they will not submit longer. They have been held back by fear of consequences, but now an investigation is open, and they are ready to do justice be done and Treichel removed.

Treichel makes no defense and does not try to explain why the \$200,000 in money donated is not used to beautify the grounds as per agreement.

When asked why the flag-pole was not replaced and the flag flying he shrugged his shoulders and said nothing.

Many of the veterans came to Los Angeles to-day and offered all the testimony to aid in freeing the home of such a tyrant.

The Tribune to-morrow will publish more affidavits of the veterans to substantiate the charges made and making still more.

#### RAILROAD STRIKE.

The Reason Why the Atlantic and Pacific is Tied up.

ALBUQUERQUE (N. M.), September 13th.--The strike on the Atlantic and Pacific road is still on. Not a freight train is running. The latest reason given for the strike is as follows: On Paymaster Cray's last trip he gave Conductor Kuehnlecker a check belonging to another man and calling for \$20 more than the former should have received. When the proper party asked Kuehnlecker for the money he refused to give it up and the company on hearing of this discharged him.

Conductor J. H. Tidings was discharged at the same time, for refusing to work for the company to the flagstaff mine, he being on a short run. A meeting of the Brotherhood was called and a strike is the result.

#### PORTLAND RACES.

J. M. R., a Sacramento Horse, Wins a Good Running Race.

PORTLAND (Or.), September 13th.--The fourth day of the races was well attended. The running, three-fourths mile dash, had five starters and was won by J. M. R. Time, 1:10.

Three-year-old, mile heats, to harness, had four starters and was won by Blondie in three straight heats, Nervosa second. Best time, 2:36.

The 27th class, three in five, mile heats, to harness, with three starters, was won by Colonel Bradshaw. Best time, 2:29.

#### THE CASCADE FIRE.

The Woods Still Burning--The Bridge Will Be Rebuilt in Five Days.

TRUCKEE, September 13th.--The mountain fires at the Cascade are still raging. The bridge that was burned was over a deep cut about 100 feet high and 350 feet long. Over three-quarters of a mile of snow sheds have been burned, and while the railroad company has it under control on the line of the road it shows no signs of cessation in the woods.

The railroad company has gangs of men at work cutting a road through the woods in order to train the lumber, and mail, and freight trains are in demand at \$25 per day. They expect to have the bridge rebuilt within five days.

#### BAY BREEZES.

The Murder of Captain Logan Still a Mystery--Other Items.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 13th.--There is no clue yet as to the identity of the murderer of Captain Logan.

SHOT BY A SALOON-KEEPER.

John Hagerty went into Stearns' saloon on East street to-night and wanted a drink without pay. He was refused by James Jordan, the bartender, when a quarrel arose and during it Jordan shot Hagerty in the left breast. The wounded man was cared for and Jordan was arrested.

CONFERENCE OF CHARITIES.

At the evening session of the Conference Rev. O. C. McCulloch read a paper on "Charity Organization," and J. S. Appel

## EAST OF THE ROCKIES.

### An Aged German Shoos and Kills a New York Millionaire.

**BLOODY BATTLE IN VIRGINIA.**  
Coal Miners on a Strike--Exciting Scuffling Race--Trotting in the Mud.

(SPECIAL DISPATCHES TO THE RECORD-UNION.)

#### EASTERN TURF.

Volunteer Covers Three-quarters of a Mile in 1:11.

SHEPHERD, September 13th.--The weather was warm and the track fast. Following are the winners:  
First race, about three-quarters of a mile, Ralph Bayard won, Miss Belle second, Oocyte third. Time, 1:12.  
Second race, three-quarters of a mile, speed stakes, Volunteer won, Tenny second, Madstone third. Time, 1:11.  
Third race, one and three-eighths miles, Mayflower handicap, Teatray won, Red-tie second, Mariner third. Time, 2:27.  
Fourth race, one and a half miles, Red-tie handicap, Hindoofoot won, Eric second, Oocyte third. Time, 2:45.  
Fifth race, one and a quarter miles, selling, Letitia won, Panama second, Oarsman third. Time, 2:14.

#### AT WEST SIDE.

CHICAGO, September 13th.--The winners and place-horses at West Side track were:

First race, maiden two-year-olds, Stonewall won, Lulu McKee second, Colonel Zab Ward third. Time, 1:10.  
Second race, one mile and seventy yards, Fred Pink won, St. Albans second, Lizzie B. third. Time, 1:47.  
Third race, one and one-eighth miles, Big Red won, St. Nick second, Ceshier third. Time, 1:34.

#### TROTTING IN RAIN AND MUD.

KANSAS CITY, September 13th.--Rain fell at intervals all the afternoon. The attendance was good, but the track very heavy.

In the 240 class, Wyandotte county special, entrance \$25, \$100 added, Edith F. won first, Maud R. second, Dan third, Hat-trick fourth. Best time, 2:50.  
In the 230 class, station stake, \$100, Golph was first, Atlas second. Best time, 2:48.  
The other races were postponed until to-morrow.

#### AN OLD MAN'S CRIME.

Too Old to Work He Shoots the Man Whom He Says Made Him Poor.

NEW YORK, September 13th.--F. W. Geswein, a millionaire tool manufacturer, was murdered this morning by Christian Dreble, an aged German, who was held to answer before the Superior Court. He intends to plead guilty.

Fire at Modesto.

MONTERO, September 13th.--At half past eight o'clock this evening the vacant house of Judge A. Howell in Ripperdam, half a mile east of Modesto, was discovered in flames. Being outside the city limits and beyond reach of the water works, no efforts were made to save the property. The residence was formerly a valuable one, but has not been occupied for years and was badly damaged. The loss is supposed to be \$10,000. No insurance. The fire is supposed to have been caused by boys who are in the habit of playing about the house.

#### Methodist Conference.

PACIFIC GROVE, September 13th.--The third day of the Methodist Conference opened by an announcement from Bishop Foster that business must close Monday morning, because of previous engagements. The Bishop spoke upon the work done by the ministry.

F. D. Board reported upon the same on the Pacific coast. In San Francisco every interest of the Church seemed to be flourishing.

#### Immortality in San Diego.

SAN DIEGO, September 13th.--Hall, the mining engineer, who was discovered in Los Angeles. Certain complications of the married woman in this city caused him to leave.

Washington Stewart, a lawyer of this city, was arrested to-day and charged with assaulting a twelve-year-old girl. It has since been learned that he has been indicted by the grand jury on a charge of seduction.

#### Result of Court-Martial.

SANTA FE (N. M.), September 13th.--The Court-martial of Commissary-Sergeant Keeshing, at Fort Union, charged with collusion with a contractor, was concluded in a three-day session this morning. Colonel Dill of the Twenty-fourth Infantry presided, and Captain Bailey was Judge.

The judgment has not been made public. The opinion of all army officers is that Keeshing has been acquitted.

#### Wallace in Ashes.

WALLACE (N. M.), September 13th.--A fire broke out at an early hour this morning in the old Postoffice building, which had just been vacated. There being a scarcity of water the entire business portion of the town was soon in flames. The losses are: Postoffice building \$20,000; J. R. Hawley's building \$2,000. The other losses aggregate \$4,000. No insurance. The fire was of incendiary origin.

#### Sudden Death.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 13th.--William Adams, colored, the janitor of the Postoffice Department in the Custom House, died at 1425 Church street, of sudden death. Deceased was about 43 years of age, a native of Pennsylvania, and was appointed to the position February 15, 1887. That holiday estate.

PORTLAND (Or.), September 13th.--Judge Stearns has issued a bench warrant for the arrest of Joseph Holladay, who is now at Seaside to evade the process of his Court.

Holladay is charged with having refused to obey the Circuit Court's order that he must sign a notice of sale of the personal property of the late Ben Holladay, of which he is one of the heirs.

#### Petaluma Fire.

PETALUMA, September 13th.--This morning about 2:30 o'clock the winery of J. Dortmund, in the northern part of the city, took fire and burned with the exception of 5,000 gallons of wine. The building was an old one, and the loss will be about \$3,500, insured for about \$5,000. The fire is considered incendiary.

#### Shot in the Neck.

NEVADA CITY, September 13th.--Shortly after dark last night David Steel shot Peter Chappel through the neck. The wounded man was taken to a local hospital, but was unable to die any moment. The trouble was about a woman. Chappel had just come into town when Steel shot him.

#### Beer is Not Malt Liqueur.

POMONA, September 13th.--The first trial under the prohibition ordinance occupied the attention of the Recorder's Court yesterday and to-day, resulting in a verdict of acquittal. The prosecution failed to convince the jury that beer is malt liqueur.

#### Shipping Grapes to Germany.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 13th.--Monday 250 pounds of grapes will be sent to Germany to a distiller, who wants to convert them into brandy. If the experiment is successful he will make annual purchases.

#### Letter of Thanks.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 13th.--The State Board of Trade has sent a letter of thanks to each of about two hundred Eastern papers which have given good notices of "California Wine."

"I hope you will pardon my late arrival," said the young man, as he seated himself in the empty chair. "I forgot my umbrella, and had to stand in the stairway until the shower was over."

"That's one on you, Jennie," shouted Tommy in great glee. "I told you."

"Of course he had sense enough to go in when it rained." And the silence, like a soft hat, was plainly felt--Tere Haute

## WASHINGTON CULLINGS.

### The English Navy Contains no Vessels of Great Speed.

**COMMISSIONER OF EDUCATION.**  
Appointment of California Postmasters--Illness of Senator Voorhies.

(SPECIAL DISPATCHES TO THE RECORD-UNION.)

#### COMMISSIONER OF PENSIONS.

A Number of Candidates who are Willing to Succeed the Corporal.

WASHINGTON, September 13th.--There have been no new developments to-day in the pension matter. Candidates are coming forward from all sides to succeed him, but the impression is strong that Major Warner of Missouri can have it, if he wants it, and that not Judge John Rea, of Minneapolis, an ex-Commander of the U. S. A. R. of the United States, stands a good prospect for the place. Major Warner arrived here this afternoon, having come from Kansas City in response to a telegram from the Secretary of the Interior. He drove direct to the Interior Department, where he is now settled with Secretary Noble, considering the propriety of accepting the post of Commissioner of Pensions.

#### COMMISSIONER OF EDUCATION.

Washington, September 13th.--Hon. William Warner, ex-member of Congress from Kansas City, and ex-Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, arrived this afternoon and spent two hours in consultation with Secretary Noble. As he came out of the office he said, in answer to the queries of a reporter:

"Secretary Noble and I have discussed nothing but the affairs of the Sioux Commission as yet."

To-night Secretary Noble told an Associated Press reporter that there was nothing new to say concerning the appointment of the successor to Tanner.

The report of the commission that examined the situation of the Pension Bureau under the Secretary's orders will be in print to-morrow and a copy furnished Tanager. He has already seen it in manuscript. Whether or not it will be made public is not yet determined. The appearance of George S. Merrill, the Insurance Commissioner of Massachusetts, and ex-Commander of the U. S. A. R. in Washington to-day has caused considerable speculation. The opinion is divided to-night as to the respective chances of Warner and Merrill to succeed Tanager, but that one of them will be appointed as Commissioner of Pensions all unite in believing, unless they both decline the tender of the office.

#### A WRONG RIGHTED.

A Soldier's Wife Plots to Secure Her Husband's Dismissal.

WASHINGTON, September 13th.--The finding of the general court-martial at Omaha against Lieutenant-Colonel Fletcher for conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman has been reversed and the Lieutenant-Colonel will be restored to his rank. The court-martial was held at Omaha, and the Lieutenant-Colonel was charged with the offense of being drunk and disorderly while on duty. He was acquitted of the charge, and the court-martial was reversed.

#### THE ENGLISH NAVY.

They Have Not a War Vessel Equal in Any Respect to the Charleston.

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#### Famous Case Dismissed.

ST. PAUL (Minn.), September 13th.--In the famous case of Jesse P. Farley against James J. Hill, the estate of the late Comstock Kitchin and the St. Paul, Minnesota and Manitoba Railroad, an action in which the late Jesse P. Farley was plaintiff and the estate of the late Comstock Kitchin and the St. Paul, Minnesota and Manitoba Railroad, was defendant, was dismissed to-day by the Supreme Court of the United States.

#### Record Broken.

BUFFALO, September 13th.--Dr. Bartlett yesterday concluded successfully an attempt to beat Dr. Carver's record of 60,000 class bids in six days. Dr. Bartlett began on Saturday night at half past six and continued to shoot twelve hours a day. The first day he broke 12,000, Sunday 10,017, Monday 10,017, Tuesday 10,017, Wednesday 9,999, Thursday 11,675 and finished at half-past five o'clock yesterday with a total of 64,017.

#### Desperate Father.

NEW YORK, September 13th.--Oliver Augustus Samuelson, of Stillman avenue, Brooklyn, attempted to kill his eighteen-year-old married daughter Ada yesterday morning by shooting her with a revolver. He was shot in the head and is now in a critical condition. His wife is also in a critical condition.

#### Receiver Appointed.

NEW YORK, September 13th.--A decision was handed down by the Supreme Court to-day granting the motion for the appointment of a receiver for the case of the Equitable Reserve Fund Life Insurance Association. The Justice holds that the business of the company has been sold to the receiver and in direct violation of the Constitution.

#### Terrible Encounter.

PITTSBURGH, September 13th.--A special from Huntington, W. Va., says: News has reached here of a terrible encounter among the miners at Bramwell, fifteen miles north of here. A number of coal miners had been drinking and engaged in a fight. Knives were drawn and Dan Lambert and Tom Whaley, his daughter's man, were killed. Three of their companions were seriously injured.

#### Coal Miners on a Strike.

PITTSBURGH, September 13th.--A special from Brockwayville, Pa., says: Five hundred coal miners are running on schedule time. It is expected a general strike of the adjacent collieries of the Bench Tree Coal, Glen and Dayton will be inaugurated by the first of next week.

#### His Last Prayer Meeting.

TORONTO, September 13th.--William Goodenham, the millionaire philanthropist and temperance advocate, died suddenly last night of heart disease, while attending a prayer meeting in the Home for Fallen Women.

#### Back Pay and Bounty.

WASHINGTON, September 13th.--Second Auditor Patterson of the Treasury Department has issued a circular stating that claims for back pay and bounty will be examined in the order of filing of the applications.

## MAINS ALONG THE NEW JERSEY AND DELAWARE.

### Boilers will be followed with increased interest.

Our own Navy Department has already begun to make trials of these new boilers at the instance of Chief Engineer A. L. Kellogg, and upon his recommendation they are to be placed in the new coast defense vessels.

#### UNCLE SAM'S NAVY.

Where the Asiatic Squadron is Stationed--Naval Details.

WASHINGTON, September 13th.--Rear Admiral Belknap reports to the Department on August 21st, as follows: The Onah and Monocacy are at Yokohama, the Marion at Chermulpo, and the Palos at Kobe. Boatwain William Manning has reported for duty on the Onah, and Passed Assistant Engineer, W. A. Mintzer, on the Monocacy. The following officers have been detailed to the Asiatic Squadron and ordered to the United States by the steamer City of Rio de Janeiro, leaving Yokohama on August 22d: Passed Assistant Engineer John Pemberton, ordered to the Onah; Passed Assistant Engineer, E. E. Essie, N. S. Reed, invalid, to Naval Hospital at New York, and to be accompanied by Passed Assistant Surgeon Ames, who, on completion of this duty, will go to his home.

#### AMERICAN EXPORTS.

California Ships One-seventh of All the Breadstuffs.

WASHINGTON, September 13th.--A statement issued to-night by the Bureau of Statistics of the Treasury Department shows that during August the value of beef, hog, and dairy products exported was \$11,147,482, as against \$7,897,546 during August, 1888.

The export of beef products was \$9,037,674, hog, \$2,976,911, and dairy, \$2,109,378. The total value of breadstuffs exported was \$13,167,752, as against \$12,109,728. The value of the same exports during July and August was \$22,970,697, as compared with \$20,011,178 during the same months of last year, and for eight months ending September 1st, it was \$80,206,408, as against \$70,508,124.

#### Passage of the Steam Launch.

WASHINGTON, September 13th.--The Navy Department has received an official report from the Superintendent of the Naval Academy of the circumstances attending the loss of the steam launch from the United States steamer Passaic, and the drowning of Master-at-Arms Brown and Fireman Moore. The report contains nothing not covered by press dispatches at the time.

#### Postmasters Appointed.

WASHINGTON, September 13th.--The following changes have been made in California postmasters: D. H. Trout, appointed at Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz county, vice J. P. Cunningham, removed; G. N. Smith at Saratoga, Santa Clara county, vice A. D. McDonald, removed.

#### Illness of Senator Voorhies.

WASHINGTON, September 13th.--Senator Voorhies has been confined to his home for several days. He was seized by a severe chill early in the week and yesterday another came upon him. To-night he is reported greatly improved.

#### Commissioner of Education.

WASHINGTON, September 13th.--The new Commissioner of Education, William G. Harris of Massachusetts, was sworn in and took charge of the office to-day.

#### Writings of Captain Treichel.

WASHINGTON, September 13th.--The President has postponed his departure for Deer Park until to-morrow.

#### FRUIT SALES.

Good Prices Realized in Chicago, St. Paul and New York.

NEW YORK, September 13th.--One carload of California fruit was sold at auction to-day for account of the Earl Fruit Company. The following prices were realized: Golden Delicious, \$1.50; Red Delicious, \$1.40; Empire, \$1.30; Ben Hur, \$1.20; and other varieties, \$1.10 to \$1.20.

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#### Back Pay and Bounty.























## WHAT CAME OF A HOLIDAY.

CHAPTER I.—A BROKEN LEG.

John Fordham is standing at the window of a poor but neat cottage room, in the pretty seaside village of Yarley, gloomily stroking his brown beard and looking at the fading light over the sea.

"We have been going down hill for so long," he says presently to his wife, who sits at a table near, busied in renovating some old straw hats for the children to wear to-morrow on a picnicking expedition, in which they have all—father and mother and all—been invited to take part by some kind neighbors.

A pause, and then John Fordham adds: "And I don't see how we are ever to get up again. I don't care about taking a holiday to-morrow, either; and I wish you would agree to leave me behind, Dorothy."

"Nonsense, John!" returns little Mrs. Fordham cheerily; she is almost always bright and hopeful. "The children would not like that, neither should I. Let us be thankful that we have our health and strength, so that we can put the worries out of sight for a while, and go off and enjoy ourselves like other people for once, industriously sponging away at some solid ribbon as she speaks. "One or the other of us might have been laid up," she goes on; "and how much worse that would have been than anything we have had to put up with yet. Cheer up, dear. A good heart breaks bad luck. We have only to go on, doing whatever lies before us, and leaving all the rest to One who knows better than we do, and the way will be sure to open."

Here the four children, two boys and two girls, run in from their play in the quiet court roadway.

"Oh, mother, have you finished our hats?" asks the eldest of the girls, a curly-headed little maid of eight, while Dorrie, the youngest, takes up the sponge which her mother has just finished using, and next casts her glance over the table in search of a stray bit of ribbon.

"Not quite, Dorrie, put down the sponge and find my large scissors, there's a good child! And, Hilda, thread a needle with white cotton for me. Boys, have you cleaned your boots?"

"Yes, mother."

"And brushed your clothes?"

"Yes, mother. Oh, look Johnnie!" peering delightedly through a home-made kaleidoscope (their latest toy), and then gently holding it out to his older brother.

"It's all rose-color and yellow—like sun shine! And green, and blue, and purple. Oh, isn't it pretty! And you've only got to keep turning it, and turning it!"

But little Alfred had got so far from John Fordham, the eldest, who looked down at his own boots, and bethought himself also of his own clothes.

As he goes into the little back yard, brushes, etc., in hand, he sighs heavily. Once the kaleidoscope of his life had been blue, and roses, and gold; but the gay and hopeful colors have all vanished long since, and in these days he can only see a dull gray, with a hovering blackness of doubt and dread on every hand.

By trade he is a carpenter. Once he had a business of his own in the large adjacent town of Eastbridge, and had been doing well. But the demand for carps had fallen off by degrees, for glass-stoppers, etc., had come to be used instead; and, at length, after months and months of anxiety and suspense, he had failed.

Removing from Eastbridge, he had come to live in Yarley for cheapness, feeling himself a broken and ruined man. His wife had taken to her bed, and he had got a little painting, or something else of the kind to do every now and then; and so they had gone on from day to day until now.

—cleared his boots, he tried hard to shake off his depression; he did not wish to cloud the enjoyment of others by his own dejection, and he determined that he would do as his wife had said, namely, go to the picnic to-morrow, and forget in his little gleam of brightness that there was nothing but gloom beyond.

The morning came, clear and cloudless. They all set off in good time in a roomy covered van, with hampers packed with provisions, and plenty of wraps, and umbrellas, etc., in case of a change of weather before night. In short, their kind friends, the Wynnes, had taken care of everything, and they had nothing to do but enjoy themselves.

How beautiful the country lanes were in their fresh summer greenness, how exhilarating was the cool, pure morning air, and how glorious the June sun shown down on the flowering hedges!

John Fordham was just beginning to cast off his despondency, when—snap went something! A strap! At the same moment the van began to go down hill—the horse kicked out violently—poor John Fordham was thrown out into the road, and it was very evident that his leg was broken.

All was confusion in an instant. The children were screaming with terror, and the mothers almost fainting. Three men who had been passing ran up, and gave all the assistance they could, and a very little later there was poor John Fordham being wheeled away on a truck to the nearest railway station, in order to be taken to Eastbridge Hospital.

And the remainder of the sorrowful party returned to their several homes.

CHAPTER II.—A NEW FRIEND.

Three weary months had passed. Autumn browns and yellows decked the country lanes and gardens, and the pathway in which the four little Fordhams were at play, while their mother stood at an open window above putting on her bonnet. She was intending to snatch time from her hard work to call on her husband, who had not yet left the hospital. His leg had been very badly broken, and he had only quite lately begun to mend.

Friends had been very kind, and had got up small subscriptions among themselves, which had been of material use. But there were no rich people living near, and for the most part, poor Mrs. Fordham had had to get on as best she could.

As she was about to close the window she called to the group below:

"Be good children while I am gone; and you can have your tea early, and start to meet me directly after. And don't forget to lock the door before you come away, as you did last time."

Once away from the house, and fairly started on the lonely road along by the beach, Mrs. Fordham felt her tears beginning to come. Her children were not near now to ask, "What is the matter, mother?"

No one was near, no one saw her, save the Great Father who could see and hear and would help her when the right time came; she felt sure that, amid all her trouble.

She soon dried her eyes, for John must not see that she had been crying, and walked on, her heart moving faintly, half sadly, over the level sea-pinks and yellow poppies that were scattered on the one hand, and the dandelions and seedling grasses that grew on the other, when suddenly she became aware that a young woman was approaching, and then, almost immediately, a voice said:

"Why, Dorothy, I was coming to see you!"

"Where you, dear? Well, why not go on? You will find the children, and I shall be back quite early. I am going to the hospital to see poor John. I expect we shall soon have him at home again now." And in her heart the poor little woman added: "Though what we shall do then I don't know. The children will worry him to death, poor fellow! And how I shall be able to get him half the new and strengthening things he ought to have, I can't imagine!"

But she had observed by this time that her young cousin—who had frequently been to see her before, and whose home was five or six miles beyond Eastbridge—had eyes as tearful as her own; and, after they had talked for a minute or two, she (Mrs. Fordham) said suddenly:

"I hope that there is nothing the matter, Fanny; and that you, and—"

"But Fannie Gay was young—only eighteen—and unused to trouble; and, at her cousin's first words, she dropped down among the sea-pinks and the poppies, and began to cry bitterly."

"Oh," she exclaimed, as soon as she could get her voice again, "poor Arthur is so ill! They don't think he'll get over it! And you know we were to have been married in a week. Everything was ready—and—and—oh! with a fresh burst of bitter grief, 'now perhaps I shall never see him again! and he is so far away—and they won't let me go to him!'"

Mrs. Fordham sat down with her, by the lonely roadside, and tried to comfort her, and presently she dried her eyes, and told why she had been going to Yarley.

"Mother and I can't help feeling dull and lonely and miserable," she said, the tears running over again; "and we thought that we might have Hilda and Dorrie for a while, if you liked. Father is in good work, and—"

"Oh," interrupted Mrs. Fordham, "how kind. But I am afraid that they are hardly respected enough to go anywhere. I have no time for sewing, and—"

"Oh, never mind that!" broke in Fanny in her turn. "It will be something for me to do, and that is just what I want."

A little further conversation ensued, and then the two parted, Mrs. Fordham going on to Yarley, and Mrs. Fordham proceeding once more in the direction of Eastbridge.

She arrived at the hospital, and sat by her husband's bed. He was to be allowed to sit up on the following day, he told her; but he did not tell her happily or hopefully.

"And you will have me home in a week or two, I expect," he went on the next morning; "and more of a trouble to you than I am, as a visitor. I don't suppose that I shall ever be of much use again."

"Don't say that, John," laying her hand affectionately upon his. "We'll get along somehow, never fear."

At this instant a man in the nearest bed—thin, elderly, with a withered and frowning face—exclaimed aloud, in a doleful voice:

"Dear, dear! what a world it is! Ups and downs, ups and downs! Nothing but ups and downs!"

He was a stranger to Mrs. Fordham, having been brought in since her last visit. He kept a thriving coffee tavern in busy London, she was informed, and, coming down to Eastbridge to collect some old debts, and on a visit of private business to a lawyer besides, he had met with an accident from a passing cab, receiving internal injuries, from which, it was feared, he could not recover.

"I was getting on so well," he said to Mrs. Fordham as he fixed his piercing gray eyes upon her. "And in a year or so I should have been able to retire—in fact, it was the very thing I wanted to talk to Lawyer Seale about. But now there is nobody but my housekeeper to see to everything, and she hates the business, and will very soon drive all the customers away. Oh, dear! oh dear! To think that I should have slaved all my life, as I have, to be ruined at the end of it by a trifling wound!"

Here the conversation was cut short, for more visitors arrived, and two of them made their way to John Fordham's bedside. For John was both liked and respected in Yarley, and one friend or another generally divided the time his wife had to spend with him.

On her way home Mrs. Fordham was met by Fanny and the children. The two little girls were delighted at the idea of going back with their cousin, who helped their mother in her things, and departed, with a child by each hand, on the following afternoon.

"Good by, Fanny," Mrs. Fordham had said. "Don't grieve. It's first joy, and then sorrow, and then joy again! And there's more sunshine than clouds in our lives, after all. Your Arthur will soon get well again—as I cannot help thinking—and you will be as happy as the days are long."

A fortnight passed. John Fordham was at home once more. The first small pleasures and excitement were over, and he had relapsed into dullness and depression, as his wife had feared that he would.

It was a gloomy autumn morning. The two boys had gone to school, and the wife, after giving him his breakfast, wished to return to her washing; but he kept saying: "Don't run away from me so, Dorothy! I shall never get well if I am to be left so much as myself!"

She did not know how to spare the time; nevertheless, she sat by him until, by-and-by, he fell into a light doze, when she stole silently from the room.

She reached the little passage, saw from the open door the postman approaching. He gave her one letter. It was for her husband. Who had written to him just now?

The postman's step had aroused the sleeper, and his wife put the letter into his hand.

It proved to be from their new friend, Albert Weldon, by name, the elderly patient who had still lain in the neighboring bed at the hospital on John Fordham's removal. And thus the missing link was found.

Come and see me. I have no one to talk to. A poor young man with a crushed foot has taken your place in the next bed, and he speaks scarcely a word, and the whole day, besides, I have something of great importance that I want to say. I enclose a postal order for twenty pounds, bring your wife—and come to see me. Yours truly, ALBERT WELDON.

CHAPTER III.—A FRESH START IN LIFE.

John Fordham and his wife sat by the hospital bed, and Mr. Weldon, lying back with his hand on his forehead, then eagerly:

"My business weighs on my mind," he is saying fretfully; "and I have had another letter from that tiresome and foolish woman, my housekeeper, to say that the place must be closed if I can't send some letters to her after it. Now will you, Mr. Fordham—children and all! I have seen and heard enough of you to know that I may entirely trust you. There is plenty of room, and your wife will find herself in her right place—exactly—or, at least, it is my belief that she will. And you shall have full liberty to do precisely as you think best until I come back; and then—but there will be time enough to settle that afterwards. Will you go?"

But John and his wife could only look at each other in silent bewilderment, instead of replying. Mr. Weldon, however, almost immediately continued—

"And, if I never come back—which may happen—why, I have neither chick nor hen, and Lady Seale and I will talk the matter over, and make such arrangements as will satisfy you, I hope."

Here was a turn of life's kaleidoscope, indeed. And to shorten my story, Mr. and Mrs. Fordham accepted to their new friends' plan, and, after surprisingly little delay, proceeded to London. And change of air, scene and society, freedom from anxiety, good nourishing food and plenty of it, and, in a word, the different life altogether, soon made a new man of John Fordham.

And when Cousin Fanny (no longer Fanny Gay, but Mrs. Arthur Dixon) by-and-by came to London, bringing the two little girls, she scarcely knew him, he looked so much better.

And when only a month had passed Mr. Weldon returned, not indeed well enough to take up his former way of life, but well enough to be at home again and watch John Fordham filling his place so efficiently, with the help of his brave wife and two industrious boys.

And there was plenty of work for them all, for Mrs. Fordham made a certain little wheat-meal cake to be eaten with the coffee,

and it had come to be greatly preferred, and in fact it was already prepared soon to double the number of Mr. Weldon's customers.

It was a bright December afternoon. During the lull between dinner and tea John Fordham had taken up a new kaleidoscope which Mr. Dixon had bought the boys the week before.

"Life wants 'turning and turning,' as the boys say, just like this," he remarked. "But some people don't think of doing that, or perhaps they haven't the heart. And this is how I felt Dorothy. But now I see that there must be no standing still, and that, like the Israelites of old, we must, through all, 'go forward,' and then we shall presently find that we have passed through the deep waters unhurt, and also left our hindrances and our enemies behind us."

His wife looked at him with a smile as she stood behind the counter, busily drying cups and saucers. "Thank God!" she murmured softly, "who has given me back again my good, brave John, with new heart and hope, and new prospects, too; so that we need not any longer look back at a sorrowful holiday, but forward, to all that has grown out of it!"

TIP, TIP, TIP!

The Custom of Tipping Waiters Ought to Be Abolished.

[From the Boston Herald.]

The editor of the Centinel deserves the thanks of self-respecting Americans for his censure of the system of tipping, which is now largely introduced into our hotels, and is a part of the exaction made upon the summer visitor almost wherever he goes. In England or in continental Europe this is so constant a practice that every one makes provision for it; but in this country the prices for entertainment at the hotels and the compensation for services are placed at such figures that there is no necessity for tipping, and where it is practised and the landlords makes the wages of his servants conditional upon the gratuities which the guests are expected to pay to an exaction which removes entirely its character as a gift and simply puts a person in the attitude of meanness, if he does not come up to the expectations of those who serve him. The practice is bad for both entertainer and guest.

The landlords where tipping is encouraged, and where the landlords insist on having a share of it, may keep the patronage of wealthy people, but they are likely to lose the patronage of those who are willing to pay their bills and are not willing to be compelled to do anything more.

Where tipping is insisted upon to be encouraged, self-respecting American people are not likely to go the second time; and where this system is encouraged or made to count for all it is worth, it is to be feared that inn-keepers suffer more by loss of patronage than they make by encouraging the fleecing of their guests. Then, on the other hand, the employees gain nothing, because these gratuities are often counted in as wages. The system, therefore, is avoidable where the distance between classes in society is great, but it is not in keeping with American sentiments, and where it is practised there is always more or less feeling that the money is demanded than one pays for. A few wealthy persons, and to whom tips are no hardship, ought not to set the standard for their countrymen in this matter. The natural independence of the American character resists the imposition of an European custom which has no aristocracy behind it among ourselves.

Rather than seem to be mean, people in many cases will make small presents to servants, but the American feeling is that the system of tipping is a degradation of the individual, and it is not in keeping with American sentiments, and where it is practised there is always more or less feeling that the money is demanded than one pays for. A few wealthy persons, and to whom tips are no hardship, ought not to set the standard for their countrymen in this matter. The natural independence of the American character resists the imposition of an European custom which has no aristocracy behind it among ourselves.

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## SUPERIOR TO THE TELEPHONE.

The Latest Invention Transmits Writing by Electricity.

[From the Indianapolis Journal.]

A pleasant-faced, elderly gentleman, full beard, neatly cropped, and like his hair, plentifully sprinkled with white, was sitting in the lobby of the New Denison on Friday. "What is the name of the reporter?" He was told the gentleman was Professor Elisha Gray, of Chicago, the famous electrician. The reporter, introducing himself, asked the Professor concerning the suit now pending which bears the title of the United States vs. Bell Telephone Company and Alexander Graham Bell.

"Testimony is being taken in the case now, I believe," was the answer, "and the case is taken up this fall. It will be an important witness for the Government, and my case so figures in it that it will not be becoming in me to talk much. So far as the Government is concerned, it is a suit brought to annul Bell's patent on the sound or soundless telegraph. The Government is not fighting anybody's battle. If the patent is annulled it will mean a great loss to the Bell telephone people, but it doesn't necessarily mean a gain to me or to anybody else. My only direct interest is in the fact that it is given the truth brought to light, and this never has been done in any of the suits."

"I understand that you have a new invention, Professor, which is likely, to a great extent, to take the place of the telephone," suggested the reporter.

"I have just perfected an invention," was the answer, "for the transmitting of the handwriting—a facsimile of the handwriting."

"How is this accomplished?"

"One sits down at a table with a sheet of paper, upon a pen or pencil, and whatever is done at this end, every motion that is made on the paper or off it is faithfully reproduced by a pen upon paper at the other end of the wire at the same time and in the same way as it is done at this end, and neither faster nor slower."

"What name have you given the instrument?"

"The teleautograph, and it can be worked over any length of wire."

"When you say pen and pencil what do you mean?"

"I mean a pen carrying ink, and that the writing or drawing is upon ordinary paper. I use a fluid ink, but any ink will do that will flow readily. One can write with a pencil or a stylus, or pen if he chooses. The invention is now practically completed, and I am making a lot of instruments. A company has been formed as a parent organization, and local companies are following. The instrument has been patented, and the terms will be similar to those given by the telephone people. But it is entirely dissimilar to the telephone, for it writes and does not talk. By it one can transmit a check, note or draft in the handwriting of the individual. Its accuracy is unquestionable. In that respect it differs from the telephone, which is good enough for desultory conversation, but is not sufficient to use in buying or selling. You are writing short-hand; that, of course, is not the case with this. It is a direct transcription of the writing, and it is a celebration like that of the soldier's monument held here, or of a great disaster by rail or water, but a sketch could be transmitted at the same time to illustrate the article."

"What is the size of the instrument?"

"The top is 20 by 24 inches. It may be kept on or beside a desk, or like the telephone, be hung upon the wall, where it is a little space. It is a secret in its communications, both as to those it gives and those it receives. One does not need to 'hello,' and no one can steal the message from the wire. Then the message will come when one is at hand to receive it, or not. One can have a lock and key and no one can see the communication in his absence. The instrument may be found good for the distribution of press reports to all the newspapers of the land simultaneously, and it is a very valuable thing to either you nor I may think of at the moment. It's chief value, I apprehend, will be in mercantile business, where the telephone fails by reason of its inaccuracy. It has already paid for itself in the country, the man receiving it may deny having done so, but here the writing is proof positive and cannot be denied."

"How about induction? When several wires run in proximity to each other, what is the effect?"

"As to induction, it is wholly untroubled by the telephone. There is no more trouble from proximity of wires than is encountered in ordinary telegraphy, and, as to several other things, the cost is far more than the telephone costs him. For example, it is not possible to have more than one telephone in the mill coming forward, but I am not ready to tell the world what they are. My work is invention; I might say my profession, and I follow it as regularly as any man follows any profession."

The reporter here casually mentioned the fact that Inventor Edison had been decorated. "I have a decoration myself," said the professor with a little laugh, "but I never wear it. I am a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, a decoration given me by the French Government ten years ago, and one that I would wear abroad, where such things are of advantage."



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**THIS SATURDAY EVENING, SEPT. 14th**  
Positively Last Performance of the American Fun Makers,

On electrical railways. Moreover an electrical motor for the carriage of parcels has been invented which it is said will travel at the rate of 150 miles an hour.

The world keeps on moving. A few days ago we were told of the Chemin de fer Glissant, which was doing wonderful things in Paris, the cars literally gliding on cushions of water at a speed of eighty miles an hour. Now we are told of a new motor from Baltimore of an amazing electric motor that makes two miles a minute on a circular track, the equivalent of three miles a minute on a straight track. Yet, at the last accounts, Mr. Keeley's motor was still so stubbornly refusing to materialize.

**NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.**

**STATE \* FAIR!**

**PAVILION OPEN DAILY**

from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M., and 7 to 11 P.M.

**PARK,**

**10-DAY (Saturday), September 14th.**

**FIRST GRAND STOCK PARADE**

**GRAND STICK PARADE**  
AT 9 O'CLOCK A. M.

**GRAND TROTTING DAY.**  
Races Commence Promptly at 1 P. M.

No. 8.—TWO-YEAR-OLD STAKE, \$30 entrance, \$300 added. Closed with fourteen nominations, of which four made the final payment. Mile Post.

do Alto's..... b. c. Pedlar  
do E. Harris..... br. f. Lorda  
do J. P. Felt..... b. c. Felt  
do William Corbis..... b. c. Regal Wilkes

No. 9.—TIERCE PACIFIC STALLION STAKE; \$50 each, \$200 added for each starter up to 21; 221 class.

do North's..... b. c. Ross S.  
do J. P. Felt..... b. c. Felt

**GREAT FAIR ATTRACTION,**  
**THE BOSTON ALL-STAR SPECIALTY CO.**  
Specially engaged for this occasion at minimum expense.

**16-SIXTEEN 16**  
Of the most Premium-winning on the Yandeville Stage, in a grand, unequalled BILL OF VARIETY, assisted by a REEF and STRING BAND, and each a Solo Artist. A carefully selected Melange of Wit, Music and Sentiment.

**Admission.** Prices—25, 50 and 75 cents. No higher. Seats now on sale. s313-d

**ARMORY HALL—Cor. Sixth and L.**  
Packed to the Doors!

**Santa Anita Stock Farm Co.'s**..... blk. s. Direct  
11—**TROTTING**, purse, \$1,000; w. 2:30 clock.  
**Jerry Ayres**..... ch. b. Balkan  
T. Hatch's..... h. b. Lenmar  
**Lewis Stock Farm's**..... ch. s. Simmoconnor  
J. H. Ralston's..... ch. b. Ralston  
A. Preston's..... b. g. Neilwood  
McFarland's..... h. b. Red Rover  
C. DeFord's..... h. b. Otto Brock  
**Cassano Stock Farm's**..... m. Margaret S.  
H. Hodges'..... h. b. Brandy  
J. Murphy's..... blk. s. Sundan  
S. & Nixon's..... ch. g. Babe  
A. Goldsmith's..... blk. h. Memo  
**Burrows Daly's**..... s. Lord Byron  
R. Guevre's..... s. Alfred g.  
W. C. Smith's..... blk. m. Pink  
**pa Stock Farm's**..... m. Mona Y.

**CHRISTOPHER GREEN, President,**  
**EDWIN F. SMITH, Secretary.**

**Dan Morris Sullivan**  
And HIS SPLENDID COMPANY in the  
**MIRROR OF IRELAND,**  
— And the Laughing Comedy,—  
**KITTY from CORKE.**  
See Our Prices, 15, 25 and 35 cents. **\$126**

**Baseball!...California League!**  
**Snowflake Park, Twenty-eighth & R sts**  
**Saturday, Sept. 14**  
At 3 o'clock p. m. sharp,  
**Sacramento vs. San Francisco.**  
PACIFIC COAST ASSN. BASEBALL LEAGUE

**BASEBALL!**  
**SNOWFLAKE PARK,**  
**Sunday, Sept. 15th.**  
**OAKLAND VS. SACRAMENTO.**  
 Time called at ..... 2 o'clock P. M.  
 LEAVEN LEAVES DEPART AT 12:45, 1:05, 1:25, 1:45, Stops at Third, Tenth and Eighteenth streets. Fare, round trip, 15c. Admission to Park, including fare both ways, 60 cents.  
**FIRST SERVICE**  
 11

11 cents; Boys, 10 cents; reserved seats, 25 cents. Can be obtained any time at C. S. Houghton's Book Store, 71 street, between Sixth and Seventh, or at Park before the game.  
 62—ONE TRAIN LEAVE: DEPART AT 2:45 P. M. Stops at Third, Tenth and Eighteenth streets. Fare, round trip, 15c. Admission to Park, including fare both ways, 25c. **SEASON.**  
**THE LAST OF THE SEASON.**  
**GRAND PICNIC**  
 OF SACRAMENTO LODGE, No. 11, ORDER OF HERMAN'S SONS.  
**Sunday, Sept. 15th, Richmond Grove.**  
 ADMISSION, 35 cents. Fine music and games for the young folks, with award of prizes. \$12-2t  
**ADMISSION**  
 11

THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, WHICH has been closed nearly two months for repairs, will be opened to-morrow morning. Subject of sermon: "Is It Sin or Friction?" It

OF STOVE WOOD, OR A TON OF COAL for \$5. Get your winter's supply now at the C. O. D. Yard, Fourth and I streets.